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TINTORETTO

PART 28 —— VOLUME 3

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MASTERS IN ART

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 28 APRIL, 1902 VOLUME 3

Tintoretto

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Photo-engravings by Folsom & Sunergren: Boston. Press-work by the Everett Press: Boston.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance, postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada; to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscriptions may begin with any issue, but as each yearly volume of the magazine commences with the January number, and as index-pages, bindings, etc., are prepared for complete volumes, intending subscribers are advised to date their subscriptions from January.

REMITTANCES: Remittances may be made by Post-office money-order, bank cheque, express order, or in postage stamps. Currency sent by mail usually comes safely, but should be securely wrapped, and is at the risk of the sender.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: When a change of address is desired, both the old and the new addresses should be given, and notice of the change should reach this office not later than the fifteenth of the month to affect the succeeding issue. The publishers cannot be responsible for copies lost through failure to notify them of such changes.

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The April Atlantic

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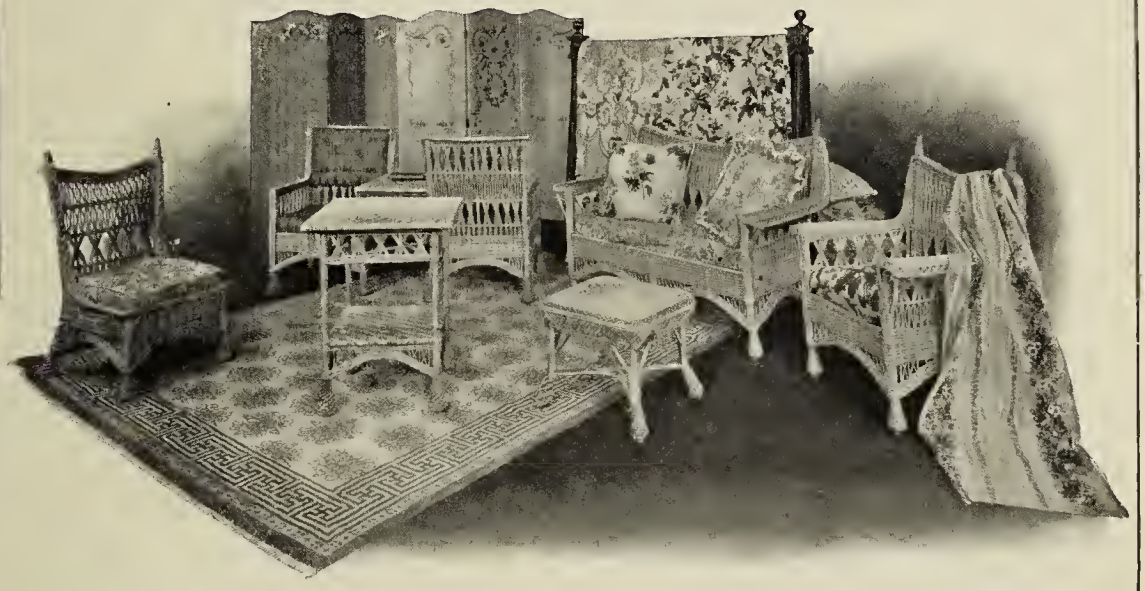

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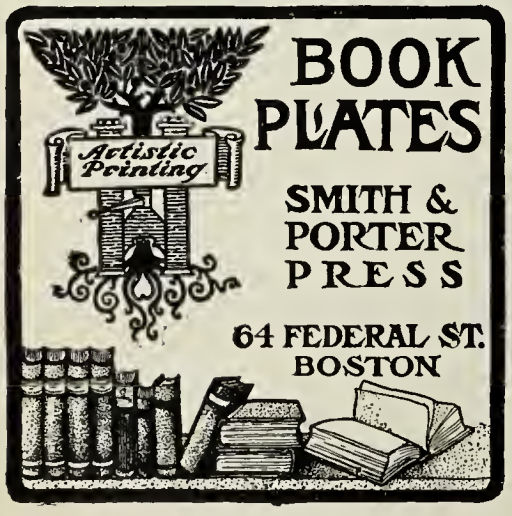

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MASTERS IN ART

Tintoretto

VENETIAN SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

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TINTORETTO
ABDUCTION OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK
LIBRARY OF ST. MARK, VENICE

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TINTORETTO
THE ANNUNCIATION
SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

TINTORETTO
THE CRUCIFIXION [DETAIL]
SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

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TINTORETTO
PORTRAIT OF SANSOVINO
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

TINTORETTO
MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE
DUCAL PALACE, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

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TINTORETTO

THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK

ACADEMY, VENICE

TINTORETTO
MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES
SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO, VENICE

PHOTOGRAVURE BY ANDERSON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

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TINTORETTO
PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN
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TINTORETTO
THE MARRIAGE AT CANA
SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

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TINTORETTO

PORTRAIT OF DOGE MARCANTONIO TREVISANO

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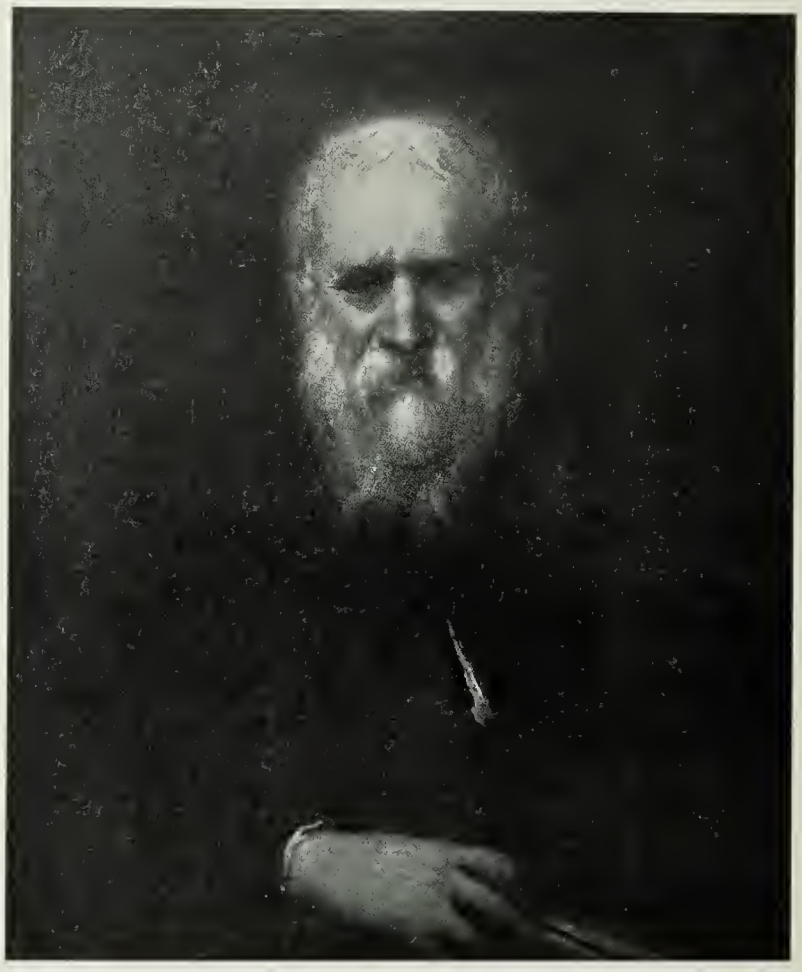

PORTRAIT OF TINTORETTO BY HIMSELF UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Tintoretto's first recorded work was a portrait of himself and his brother, and he painted his own portrait twice during his old age. One of these two late portraits hangs in the Louvre; the other, which is here reproduced, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. In the 'Miracle of St. Mark' he has introduced his own likeness three times, once as the man immediately above the woman who is holding a child, again as the man next to the turbaned Turk, and the head seen at the extreme right of the canvas behind the soldier in chain armor is his own.

Jacopo Robusti called Tintoretto

BORN 1518(?): DIED 1594
VENETIAN SCHOOL

WILLIAM R. THAYER 'THRONE-MAKERS'

THE year of Tintoretto's birth is variously stated as 1512 and 1518. Even his name has been a cause of dispute to antiquaries; but since he was content to call and sign himself Jacopo (or Giacomo) Robusti, we may accept this as correct. His father was a dyer of silk (*tintore*), and as the boy early helped at that trade he got the nickname *Il Tintoretto*, "the little dyer."

The tradition runs that the lad early amused himself by drawing charcoal figures on the wall, then coloring them with his father's dyes, whence his parents were persuaded that he was born to be a painter. Accordingly his father got permission for him to work in Titian's studio, the privilege most coveted by every apprentice of the time. His stay there was brief, however; hardly above ten days, if the legend be true which tells how Titian returned one day and saw some strange sketches, and that, learning that Tintoretto had made them, bade another pupil send him away. Some say that Titian already foresaw a rival in the youthful draughtsman; others, that the figures were in a style so contrary to his own that he discerned no good in them and judged that it would be useless for Tintoretto to pursue an art in which he could never excel. We are loath to believe that Titian, whose reputation was established, could have been moved by jealousy of a mere novice: we must remember, nevertheless, that even when Tintoretto had come to maturity, and was reckoned among the leading painters of Venice, Titian treated him coldly, and apparently thwarted and disparaged him.

Under whom Tintoretto studied after being thrust off by Titian we are not told. Probably he had no acknowledged preceptor except himself. Already his aim was the highest. On the wall of his studio he blazoned the motto: "The drawing of Michelangelo and the coloring of Titian." To blend the excellence of each in a supreme unity—that was his ambition. Titian might shut him out from personal instruction, but Titian's works in the churches and palaces were within reach. Tintoretto studied them, copied

them, and conjured from them their secret. Having procured casts of Michelangelo's statues in the Medici Chapel at Florence, he made drawings of them in every position. Far into the night he worked by lamplight, watching the play of light and shade, the outlines and the relief. He drew also from living models, and learned anatomy by dissecting corpses. He invented "little figures of wax and of clay, clothing them with bits of cloth, examining accurately the position of the limbs through the folds of the dresses; and these models he distributed among little houses and perspectives composed of planks and cardboard, and he put lights in the windows." From the rafters he suspended other manikins, and thereby learned the foreshortening proper to figures painted on ceilings and on high places, so indefatigable, so minute, was this man, who is known to posterity as "the thunderbolt of painters." In his prime he astonished all by his power of elaborating his ideas at a speed at which few masters can even sketch; but that power was nourished by his infinite painstaking in these years of obscurity.

Wherever Tintoretto might learn thither he went. Now we hear of him working with the masons at Cittadella; now taking his seat upon the bench of the journeymen painters in St. Mark's Place; now watching some illustrious master decorating the façade of a palace. No commission was too humble for him. His first recorded work was a portrait-group of himself holding a bas-relief in his hand and his brother playing a cithern. As the custom then was, he exhibited this in the Merceria—the narrow lane of shops which leads from St. Mark's to the Rialto bridge. What the latest novel or yesterday's political speech is to us, that was a new picture to the Venetians. Their innate sense of color and beauty and their familiarity with the best works of art made them ready critics. They knew whether the colors on a canvas were in harmony, as the average Italian of to-day can tell whether a singer keeps the key. Tintoretto's portraits attracted attention. They were painted with nocturnal lights and shadows, "in so striking a manner that they amazed every one," even to the degree of suggesting to one beholder the epigram—

> "If Tintoretto shines thus in the shades of night,
> "What will he do when radiant day has risen?"

He began thenceforward to get employment in the smaller churches and convents. Important commissions which brought wealth and honors were reserved for Titian and a few favorites; but Tintoretto rejected no offer. Only let him express those ideas swarming in his imagination: he asked no further recompense. He seems to have been early noted for the practice of taking no pay at all, or only enough to provide his paints and canvases,—a practice which brought upon him the abuse of his fellows who cried out that he would ruin their profession. But there was then no law to prohibit artist or artisan from working for any price he chose, and Tintoretto, as usual, took his own course.

At last a great opportunity offered. On each side of the high altar of the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto was a bare space, nearly fifty feet high

and fifteen or twenty feet broad. "Let me paint you two pictures," said Tintoretto to the friars. They laughed at the extravagant proposal. "A whole year's income would not suffice for such an undertaking," they replied. "You shall have no expense but for the canvas and colors," said Tintoretto; "I shall charge nothing for my work." And on these terms he executed 'The Last Judgment' and 'The Worship of the Golden Calf.'

The creator of those masterpieces could no longer be ignored. Here was power which hostility and jealousy could not gainsay; they must note, though they refused to admire. It was in 1546, or thereabouts, that Tintoretto uttered this challenge. In a little while he had orders for four pictures for the Scuola di San Marco, one of which, 'The Miracle of St. Mark,' now in the Venice Academy, soon became popular, and has so continued. Other commissions followed, until there came that which the Venetian prized above all others,—an order to paint for the Ducal Palace. As the patriotic Briton aspires to a monument in Westminster Abbey and the Florentine in the Church of Santa Croce, so the Venetian artist coveted for his works a place in the Palace of the Doges. That was his temple of fame. Tintoretto, then, had at last earned the privilege of consecrating his genius to Venice. His first work for her seems to have been a portrait of the reigning doge. Then he painted two historical subjects,—Frederick Barbarossa being crowned by Pope Adrian, and Pope Alexander III. excommunicating Frederick Barbarossa,—and a 'Last Judgment,' which was destroyed by the fire of 1577.

Not long thereafter his employment by the brothers of the confraternity of San Rocco began. About 1560 he painted two scenes in the life of St. Roch for their church, and then joined in a competition for a ceiling painting for the Sala dell' Albergo in the Scuola di San Rocco itself. The brothers called for designs, and upon the appointed day four artists, among them Paul Veronese, submitted sketches. But Tintoretto had outsped them, and when his design was asked for he caused a screen to be removed from the ceiling, and lo! there was a finished picture of the specified subject. The brothers and the competitors were astonished and not greatly pleased. "We asked for sketches," said the former. "That is the way I make my sketches," replied Tintoretto. They demurred; but Tintoretto presented the picture to the Scuola, one of the rules of which made it obligatory that all gifts should be accepted. The displeasure of the confraternity soon passed away, and Tintoretto was commissioned to furnish whatever paintings should be required in future. An annual salary of one hundred ducats was bestowed upon him, in return for which he was to paint at least one picture a year. Generously did he fulfil the contract, for at his death the Scuola possessed more than sixty of his works, for which he had been paid but twenty-four hundred and forty-seven ducats.

In 1577 a fire in the Ducal Palace destroyed many of the paintings, and when the edifice was restored the government looked for artists to replace them. Titian being dead his opposition had no longer to be overcome; yet even now Tintoretto had to compete with men of inferior powers but of

stronger influence. Nevertheless, the lion's share of the undertaking was assigned to him and to Paul Veronese, and for ten years these two great men labored side by side in noble rivalry to eternize the beauty and the glory of Venice. . . .

As a workman Tintoretto was indefatigable. His lifelong yearning was not for praise but for opportunity to work. Modesty he had to a degree unrecorded of any other painter, although none seems to have been more confident of his own powers. There was an inflexible dignity in the man, born of self-respect, which neither the allurements of popularity nor the flattery of the great could bend. He saw that titles would add nothing to his fame, and refused an offer of knighthood from Henry III. of France. Princes and grandees and illustrious visitors to Venice went to his house, but though he received them courteously he sought no intimacy with them. His time was too precious, his projects were too earnest, to allow of aristocratic dissipation.

He had a keen sense of humor, which displayed itself now in some ready reply, now in genial conversation with his familiars. Ridolfi relates that certain prelates and senators who visited him whilst he was making sketches for his 'Paradise' asked him why he worked so hurriedly, whereas Giovanni Bellini and Titian had been deliberate and painstaking. "The old masters," said Tintoretto, "had not so many to bother them as I have." At another time, at a gathering of amateurs, a woman's portrait by Titian was lauded. "That 's the way to paint," said one of the critics. Tintoretto went home, took a sketch by Titian and covered it with lampblack, painted a head in Titian's manner on the same canvas, and showed it at the next meeting of these amateurs. "Ah, there 's a real Titian!" they all agreed. Tintoretto rubbed off the lampblack from the original sketch, and said, "This, gentlemen, is indeed by Titian; that which you have admired is mine. You see now how authority and opinion prevail in criticism, and how few there are who really understand painting."

In his home Tintoretto enjoyed tranquillity, though his thrifty and dignified wife, Faustina de' Vescovi, was perhaps not a little annoyed by the unpracticality of her husband. According to tradition, when he went out she tied up money for him in his handkerchief and bade him give an exact account of it on his return. Having spent his afternoon and money with congenial spirits at some rendezvous, he would playfully assure Madonna Faustina that her allowance had gone to help the poor. She was particular that he should always wear the dress of a Venetian citizen; but if he happened to go abroad in rainy weather she would call out to him from an upper window to come back and put on his old clothes.

We have glimpses of him passing to and fro in Venice with Marietta, his favorite daughter and a painter of merit, whose early death saddened his later years. Of his other children, two daughters entered a nunnery; a third married; his eldest son, Domenico, adopted his father's profession and assisted him in his work; another son went to the bad, and was cut off from an inheritance by his father's will,—for in spite of his habit of giving away

pictures or of charging but a small price for them, Tintoretto bequeathed a comfortable fortune to his heirs. . . .

His studio was in the most retired part of his house. Few were admitted to it, and they had to find their way thither up a dark staircase and along dark passages by the light of a candle. There he spent most of his time—a grave man ordinarily, doubtless at heart a solitary man, but forever attended by the great associates of his imagination. Usually laconic in speech (as when, in reply to a long letter from his brother, he wrote simply, "Sir: no!") he yet occasionally—as that anecdote of Madonna Faustina's allowance shows—indulged in conviviality; and he had the gift peculiar to a gentleman of being easy with persons of all ranks and of putting them at ease. "With his friends," writes a biographer, "he preserved great affability. He was copious in fine sayings and witty hits, putting them forth with much grace, but without sign of laughter; and when he deemed it opportune he knew also how to joke with the great." . . .

In 1588, owing to the death of Paul Veronese, who with Francesco Bassano had been commissioned to paint a 'Paradise' in the Hall of the Grand Council in the Ducal Palace, the task was transferred to Tintoretto, who devoted the last six years of his life to this vast work.[1] Old age had robbed him of none of his energy, but added sublimity to his imagination and interfused serenity and mellowness throughout his work.

And so, still teeming with plans, he died after a fortnight's illness, on the thirty-first of May, 1594, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto in Venice.

The Art of Tintoretto

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE: FLORENCE ET VENISE'

TINTORETTO'S was the most vigorous and most prolific artistic temperament that has ever existed. In savage originality and in energy of will he resembles Michelangelo. His brain fermented; his thoughts boiled; his thronging conceptions so tormented him that he was obliged to rid himself of them. He suggested four enormous subjects to the fathers of Santa Maria dell' Orto, subjects involving hundreds of feet of canvas and thousands of figures, and asked to be allowed to execute them with no pay but his expenses. He apparently wanted nothing but an issue. It seems as if his mind were a volcano, always active, always in a state of eruption. Canvases of twenty, forty, and seventy feet, crowded with figures as large as life—figures huddled and massed together, launched through the air, foreshortened in the most violent manner and with splendid effects of light—

[1] Tintoretto's 'Paradise,' so eloquently eulogized by Mr. Ruskin, is the largest oil-painting in the world, measuring thirty feet high by seventy-four feet long, and containing upwards of five hundred figures. Time and numerous restorations have completely changed its original color, the composition is confused, and it is only by long study that anything can be made of it. — EDITOR.

hardly sufficed to absorb the inexhaustible, fiery overflow of his creative imagination. The more one studies his life and works the more one comes to regard him as a Michelangelo with a color sense,—less concentrated, indeed, than the Florentine, less self-mastering, less qualified to refine upon his conceptions, but like him wholly given up to his fancies, and like him made an improvisator by very force of his impetuosity.

It follows, then, that when Tintoretto's first conception was excellent or matured he rose to an extraordinary height. In my judgment no painting surpasses, nay, equals, his 'Miracle of St. Mark' in the Venice Academy—at all events, no painting has made an equal impression on my mind. The vast canvas, some twenty feet square, contains no less than twenty-five life-size figures. The saint shoots down from the uppermost sky, and, head foremost, suspended in the air, rescues a slave from punishment. His head is in shadow and his feet are in the light; his wonderfully foreshortened body plunges through the air with the impetuosity of an eagle. No one save Rubens has ever so rendered the instantaneousness of motion, the swiftness of flight. We are borne along with the saint, and follow him almost to the ground. Beside such vehemence as this classic figures seem stiff, as if copied after studio models with arms upheld by cords. The figure of the naked slave, thrown upon his back with his shoulders toward the spectator, and as wonderfully foreshortened as is St. Mark, glows with the luminousness of Correggio. His superb muscular body palpitates; his ruddy cheeks, contrasted with his black curled beard, are empurpled with the brightest hues of life. The executioners' axes of iron and wood have been shattered to pieces as they touched his flesh, and all the throng are gazing at them. The turbaned executioner with upraised hands displays a broken handle to the judge with an air of utmost amazement. The judge springs from his seat. The assistants crowd around, some in sixteenth-century armor, some in cuirasses of leather, some in barbaric robes and turbans, some in Venetian caps and dalmatics, some with legs and arms naked, and one wholly nude except for the mantle which covers his thighs and the kerchief on his head. The whole scene glows with splendid contrasts of light and shadow and the variety, brilliancy, and indescribable glamour of light reflected from the polished depths of armor, diffused over the lustrous folds of silks, imprisoned in the warm shadows of the flesh, and radiating from the crimsons, greens, and yellows of the rich stuffs. There is not a figure in the picture that does not act, and act all over; not a fold of drapery, not a tone of flesh that does not add to the universal dash and brilliancy. The architectural forms in the background and the men on the terraces or clinging to the columns behind add amplitude of space to the scenic richness. There is air throughout. The breath of the scene is inspiring. It is the very breath of life. All quivers and palpitates with the fullness of life, light, and beauty.

There is no other such example of facility and luxuriousness of invention, boldness and ease, natural impulsiveness of temperament, instant and spontaneous creation, necessity for expression, and satisfaction in the rendering

of ideas. The whole scene, all its divergent attitudes, types, and costumes, with all their innumerable peculiarities and divergences, seems to have flowed upon this canvas like water spouting from a surcharged conduit. Perhaps there is not in the world a picture fuller and more animated, more inspired and inspiring than this; and I believe that until one has seen this work one can form no idea of the powers of the human imagination.

Tintoretto was disproportionate in everything, in dimensions as well as in conceptions. The academic painters of the end of the sixteenth century decried him as extravagant and negligent; the prodigious and superhuman quality of his genius was distasteful to minds of the common and tranquil stamp. But in truth no other was or ever has been like him. He is as unique in his way as is Michelangelo, Rubens, or Titian. Call him if you will extravagant, impetuous, an improvisator; let critics complain of the blackness of his coloring, of his topsy-turvy figures, of the confusion of his grouping, of his hasty brushing, of the exhaustion and the mannerism which sometimes led him to introduce, as it were, old metal into his new casting: let all the defects of his qualities be adduced against him; I am willing. But, on the other hand, a genius like his, which I can only compare again to a volcano—so ardent was it, so overflowing, with such outbursts and flaming coruscations, with such immense jets of sparks, with such sudden, dazzling, multiplied flashes, with such a surprising and constant volume of smoke and flame—has never been encountered in another.

I do not know quite how to speak of him; I cannot describe his paintings, so vast are they and so numerous. It is the inward condition of mind that produced them that should be considered. It seems to me that in Tintoretto we discover a unique state of things. His conceptions seem to have come to him as lightning-bursts of inspiration; and though the term is strong, it corresponds to ascertained facts of which examples may be cited. In certain extreme moments, when confronting great danger or in any sudden crisis, men sometimes seem to see all at once, distinctly and with terrible intensity, as if illuminated by a flash of lightning, whole years of life, complete incidents and scenes. The recollections of the asphyxiated or of those who have narrowly escaped drowning confirm this. The activity of the brain, suddenly increased tenfold, seems to cause the mind to live more in this brief instant of time than in all the rest of life put together. The victim usually issues from this momentarily sublimated state exhausted and morbid; but when the natural temperament is vigorous enough to support the shock without flagging, men like Luther, St. Ignatius, St. Paul, and all the great visionaries, are able to accomplish works that seem to transcend the powers of humanity. If a proper idea be formed of this involuntary and extraordinary state in a dramatic temperament like that of Tintoretto, who possessed such powers over color, we may see quite clearly the reason of his producing the works that he did.

He never selects; his vision imposes itself on him; the imaginative scene is to him instantaneously a reality, and he transfers it bodily to his canvas under an immediate impulse of spontaneous inspiration which can brook

neither alteration nor hesitancy, along with whatever in it that may be odd or irrelevant. It is not two or three personages that he intends to paint, but a scene, a fragment of life, an entire landscape; not this or that central figure in one or another posture, but a moment in nature or history. His 'Marriage at Cana' shows an immense dining-hall, crowded with guests. His 'Gathering of the Manna' is an encampment of people, with all the petty details of life and every diversity of landscape. In this exuberance he surpassed his own age and approximates to our own. His pictures seem to be "illustrations"; only he sets forth in a space of forty feet with figures as large as life what we try to do in the space of a foot with figures no taller than one's finger. It is life in general that interests him, not the particular life of one being; and he disregards all hampering picturesque and plastic rules, subordinating the personages to the whole and parts to the general effect. He is invaded as if from without, and overpowered by a scene which takes possession of him, in the reality of which he has implicit belief, and which torments him till he has given it pictorial life.

From this method of creation arises his unprecedented originality. Compared with him all painters are self-copyists. You are always astonished before his pictures; you ask yourself into what unknown and fantastic but nevertheless real world he has led you. With extraordinary force of verisimilitude he merges the divine and the human. There is a 'Resurrection' by him in which no figure is in a state of equilibrium; angels swoop head foremost from above; Christ and the saints swim in the air; the atmosphere is a resistant and palpable fluid which sustains bodies as water does fishes. When he paints a violent scene like the 'Brazen Serpent' or the 'Massacre of the Innocents' it is a supernatural delirium. In the latter the space is covered with a mass of heads and limbs, and figures falling, running, struggling, and staggering as if a hurly-burly of inebriates,—it is the infuriate bacchanalianism of despair. In the 'Brazen Serpent,' dog-headed reptiles on a mountain cliff forage amongst a monstrous heap of prostrated men. Livid lights contend with deathly shadows, and the figures roll, heave, and pitch, like a human avalanche, down the side of a precipice. Here the artist is in his own domain; he wanders about grandly in the realm of the impossible. He sees too much at once,—forty, sixty, and eighty personages and their surroundings, commingled and crowded beneath unearthly lights and darks. This taste for the natural and the supernatural commingled, these violent contrasts of light and dark, this passion and audacity which bear him straight on, with no hesitation or reconsideration, to the end of his conception, make Tintoretto the most dramatic of painters. . . .

It is vain to complain before his canvases that you are weary, and to accuse the painter of exuberance and excess; to feel that these immense pictures are executed too rapidly, and rather indicated than perfected; that he presumes on his own and the spectator's powers. At the sight of them you find strength left because he imparts his own fervor to you in spite of yourself. They are depicted in such a splendor and amplitude of light, with such a triumphant furor of genius, that one looks upon them with confused

awe, and turns away half stunned, as from a too loud and complex piece of music. All sense of proportion vanishes, and you wonder if you should still have faith in your sensations. — ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

COSMO MONKHOUSE 'IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY'

TINTORETTO'S color is not as other men's. It has not the sumptuous repose of Veronese nor the ordered glory of Titian. It is irregular, almost spasmodic; but it is charged, as no other artist's is charged, with the emotion of the subject, and its effect is overpowering. The finest pictures by Titian are as exquisite music played by a band of stringed instruments, but in Tintoretto's orchestra are "trumpets also and shawms." Though not the last to be born, he was the last to die of all the supreme artists of Italy; and though among them may be found many of finer balance, there was none of greater force or wider range. One thing can at least be said of no other man, and that is that the strength of his individuality was so great that he could assimilate even Michelangelo.

W. M. ROSSETTI 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

AUDACIOUS and intrepid, though not constantly correct as a draughtsman, majestically great as a colorist, prodigious as an executant, Tintoretto was as absolute a type of the born painter as the history of art enables us to conceive. Whatever he did was imaginative — sometimes beautiful and suave, often imposing and romantic, quite as often turbulent and reckless, sometimes trivial, but never unpainter-like or prosaic. When he chose — which was not always — he painted all his personages characteristically; but, like the other highest masters of Venice, he conceded little incidental emotion to the expression of his faces.

His imagination was always concrete, essentially the imagination of a painter to whom the means of art — form, color, chiaroscuro, manipulation, scale, distribution — were the typical and necessitated realities. What he imagined was always a visual integer, a picture, never a treatise, however thoughtfully planned or ingeniously detailed. Something that one could see — that was his ideal, not something that one could narrate, still less something that one could deduce and demonstrate. In his treatment of action or gesture his most constant peculiarity is the sway and swerve of his figures; they bend like saplings or rock like forest boughs in a gale. Stiffness or immobility was entirely foreign to his style, which has therefore little of the monumental or severe character. Perhaps he felt that there was no other way to combine "the color of Titian with the design of Michelangelo." The knitted strength and the transcendent fervor of energy of the supreme Florentine might to some extent be emulated; but, if they were to be united with the glowing fusion of hue of the supreme Venetian, this could only be attained by relaxing the excessive tension and modifying muscular into elastic force. . . .

For his phenomenal energy in painting Tintoretto was termed "Il Furioso." An agreement is extant showing that he undertook to finish in two months two historical pictures, each containing twenty figures, seven of them being portraits. Sebastiano del Piombo remarked that Tintoretto could paint in two days as much as he himself in two years; Annibale Carracci said that Tintoretto was in many of his pictures equal to Titian, in others inferior to Tintoretto,—and this was the general opinion of the Venetians, who said that he had three pencils, one of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

TINTORETTO at his best is a great poet; in his work of the second order he remains a dramatic improvisator; at his worst he is repellent, but is still an impetuous force. When he wills to be a great painter he is one, but in four-fifths of his work he shows himself as a man who, above all else, desires to express himself originally and dramatically, and uses palette and brush as his means of expression. In a word, what he cares for most is not, as with Titian, the wonder of color; not, as with Michelangelo, the wonder of man's body; not, as with Rembrandt, the wonder of light, but rather the wonder of telling a grand story in a grand way. It must be admitted that he always succeeds in being different from other men, and not infrequently succeeds in being grand. But in counting this success we must account also its penalty.

The volume of Tintoretto's work far exceeds that of any other Italian. Huge canvases hang in the Church of Il Redentore, in San Rocco, in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, the Academy, and the Ducal Palace, Venice, and others are scattered throughout the city in churches and palaces. But in all this great volume of works hardly a score stand out as pictures which are at once and intrinsically satisfying. Before all the others one has to reason, saying that in *spite* of this and that they are admirable.

Chiaroscuro is with Tintoretto an ever-present pictorial adjunct; he uses it as much as do Correggio and Rembrandt, but how differently! With Correggio light is an irradiating presence; with Rembrandt it is a penetrating mystery. With Tintoretto it is the first and most powerful of dramatic accessories; he makes the light an *actor* in his vast compositions. Often this chiaroscuro is grand, again it is ghostly; but it is so frequently and sometimes so hastily employed that in many cases it becomes tiresome and trivial.

Tintoretto is original, first in the presentation of his subject, and secondly through this lighting, this chiaroscuro. In either case he tries to find a different point of view from that of any other artist, and he usually does find it with singular felicity, and expresses it with remarkable power. The first quality, dramatic presentation, is quite as much literary as artistic; and though lighting may be purely plastic and artistic, Tintoretto uses this also rather dramatically than plastically; that is to say, light to him is not so much a

means for making a body round and tangible as for spotting out a composition in such a manner that it shall impress us in a new way.

Had Tintoretto only painted the more excellent of his works he would still have ranked among the greatest masters—and with far less question, far less negative addition to his fame than that which has been given by many of his vastest canvases, which, as Vasari has said, have, when examined minutely, the appearance of having been painted as a jest. To-day, whether by action of time, by defective pigment, from over-painting and so-called restoration, or by fault of the artist himself, the color of many of these huge canvases is black, coarse, repulsive. Perhaps if we could see them better we should recognize the good that is under the deteriorated surface. Some of them still have fine passages of color here and there, but we must not forget that Vasari condemned them already when they had but just left the artist's brush, and we need not take offence at his expression of "examined minutely," for Vasari had plenty of appreciation and praise for Titian's breadth and Veronese's sweeping touch. It will hardly do to impute this black and repellent character of the color to haste on Tintoretto's part: haste might be accountable for a somewhat vulgar alternation of pinks and blues, but a single slight painting with good pigment would result rather in a relatively good preservation of the color, or at the worst in a fading of the same; blackness is more likely to come from over-painting, bad pigment, or imperfect preparation of the canvas. However that may be, Tintoretto, who could be great technically, neglects technique in a large part of his work, and he is therefore neglected in turn by the art student, who studies rather Titian or Veronese.

But after all is said, Tintoretto remains a grand poet and dramatist. "In the purities and sublimities of the prophet's soul," says Symonds, "neither Veronese nor yet Titian can approach him."

LUCIEN DAVESIÈS 'REVUE UNIVERSELLE DES ARTS': 1862

TINTORETTO was not only one of the most productive, but one of the most highly gifted painters that has ever lived; but his glory has been dimmed in the eyes of posterity by the extremely unequal character of his works. As Annibale Carracci truly said of him, "Tintoretto is often inferior to Tintoretto." If he had been able to control the nervous ardor which too often led him beyond the limits not only of truth but of possibility, and the incessant desire to create which left him no peace, he might have rivaled Titian—nay, perhaps even surpassed him; for Tintoretto's imagination was broader and more poetic than was Titian's, and he was no less a master of the secrets of chiaroscuro, of the brush, and of color; while in facility in composition and in rapidity of hand he was absolutely unrivaled.

His very facility, however, has injured his reputation. His genius seems to have urged him on to produce so much that he neglected to bring more than a small number of his works to the perfection of which he was capable.

Too often his aim seems merely to have been to *fill* his enormous canvases without much care as to *how* he filled them. He did not always, indeed, take the trouble to sketch out his compositions beforehand, but improvised as he painted; though even such hasty works are, it must be admitted, marvelous achievements when we consider the slight time and pains which they cost him. When, however, he did choose to conform to the principles of art instead of relying upon the happy accidents of improvisation, Tintoretto stands upon a level with the greatest.

The general effect of his coloring is frequently quite different from that of Titian, whom he wished to emulate in this respect. Blue is often dominant, imparting a violet tone to the whole—a tone which, in spite of its usefulness in enhancing the magical chiaroscuro, sometimes detracts from the general splendor and harmony. In those compositions with which he took pains, however, his coloring, although somewhat conventional, is wholly delightful.

Tintoretto's figures have not the magistral quality of those of Titian; but, on the other hand, they have more movement and animation, and his treatment of them was broader and more titanic. Indeed, the more gigantic his canvas the more he seems at ease. He needed space and air, and seems cramped and ill at ease within the limits of a small frame. In his vast 'Crucifixion' there are more than eighty figures,—on foot and on horseback, sitting, standing, kneeling, laughing, crying,—men, women, and children, and all so remarkably relieved and executed that one could swear that the free air circulated among them, while all the attitudes and gestures are caught with such variety of truth as to seem almost miraculous. Yet, in spite of such salient excellencies, the whole is infinitely weakened by want of composition. The eye finds no resting-point of vantage, and wanders in weary restlessness from one to another of the innumerable groups.

Tintoretto seems to have constantly forgotten that it is often wise to sacrifice details to the principal effect—a rule of which Titian was never unmindful. Indeed, the more one studies the works of Tintoretto, great as he is, the more one is tempted to repeat the old saying: "The half is worth more than the whole."—FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

IT is not only in the region of the vast, tempestuous, and tragic that Tintoretto finds himself at home. He is equal to every task that can be imposed upon the imagination. Provided only that the spiritual fount be stirred, the jet of living water gushes forth, pure, inexhaustible, and limpid. In his 'Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne,' that most perfect lyric of the sensuous fancy from which sensuality is absent; in his 'Temptation of Adam,' that symphony of gray and brown and ivory more lustrous than the hues of sunset; in his 'Martyrdom of St. Agnes,' that lamb-like maiden with her snow-white lamb among the soldiers and the priests of Rome, Tintoretto has proved beyond all question that the fiery genius of titanic artists

can pierce and irradiate the placid and the tender secrets of the soul with more consummate mastery than falls to the lot of those who make tranquillity their special province.

'TINTORETTO AT VENICE, AND MR. RUSKIN' 'ART JOURNAL': 1857

UNTIL the advent of Mr. John Ruskin[1] the opinions current about Tintoretto as a painter were that he was a man of extraordinary power in many of the more superficial things in art (if we may so call them),—such as bold drawing, color, bodily action, effect,—and also possessed of a fine, vigorous, and daring invention; but unless we widely err, few ever thought of looking for profound and lofty thought as among his leading characteristics, or of ascribing to him a poetic imagination of the highest order. It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to claim this distinction for him; to discover, or fancy he had discovered, Tintoretto's greatness and glory bound to the wall, Prometheus-like, amidst the obscurity, neglect, damps, and decay of Santa Maria dell' Orto and San Rocco; to determine to free them forth, and, seating them between the wings of his aspiring eloquence, endeavor to mount them all at once on the highest peak of Italian Parnassus, above all but Dante and Michelangelo—Tintoretto being in his opinion the greatest man with these exceptions that Italy had produced. The very name of Tintoretto seems to excite and swell his style to its highest tone, and make it resemble the firmest and most imperial brattlings of the Trumpet of Fame itself—for which he is evidently somewhat too apt to mistake it. He proclaims him as one whose high-reaching intellect and "imagination penetrative" leave those faculties in all other painters far behind; as one who alone has seized the inmost spirit of the most awful and stupendous themes; who alone "has grappled with them in their verity," not contenting himself with the occurrences of the moment merely, but introducing strange, occult, typical allusions in his details, and dashing in also dim, visionary retrospections and anticipations, disregarding time and place even, like the freest and most untrammeled poet, so that he may tell in a solemn, mystical manner the whole of the great story or sequence of events at once. . . .

On the whole, however, we believe that Mr. Ruskin leaves Tintoretto precisely where he found him, having failed utterly in the attempt to put him forward as an imaginative genius of the highest order; since the thoughts he adduces as entitling him to that eminence are, in fact, either not in existence in his works, or else poor, trivial, or erroneous. Tintoretto will, we believe, continue to rank, just as formerly, as a very energetic but not delicately or sublimely imaginative painter; one strong in scenic conceptions and in the more superficial and decorative resources of his art, but poor in the higher requisites of expression and character.

[1] The writings of John Ruskin first called public attention to Tintoretto as a master of the first rank. Impressive as Mr. Ruskin's appreciations of Tintoretto are, however, it must be acknowledged that a recent critic is right in saying that "the poetic and literary side of the artist appealed so strongly to the great poet and word-painter that passages of the 'Stones of Venice' and 'Modern Painters' are a running commentary so magnificent that not infrequently the canvases of the artist are surpassed by the word-painting of the writer."—EDITOR.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

TINTORETTO grew to manhood when the fruit of the Renaissance was ripe on every bough. The Renaissance had resulted in the emancipation of the individual, in making him feel that the universe had no other purpose than his happiness. This brought an entirely new answer to the question, "Why should I do this or that?" It used to be, "Because self-instigated authority commands you." The answer now was, "Because it is good for men." In this lies our greatest debt to the Renaissance,—that it instituted the welfare of man as the end of all action.

Thus religion and poetry did not exist for Tintoretto because the love and cultivation of the Muses was a duty prescribed by the Greeks and Romans, or because the love of God and the saints was prescribed by the Church; but rather, as was the case with the best people of his time, because both poetry and religion were useful to man. They helped him to forget what was mean and sordid in life, they braced him to his task and consoled him for his disappointments. Religion answered to an ever-living need of the human heart. The Bible was no longer a mere document wherewith to justify Christian dogma. It was rather a series of parables and symbols pointing at all times to the path that led to a finer and nobler life. Why then continue to picture Christ and the apostles, the patriarchs and prophets, as persons living under Roman rule, wearing the Roman toga, and walking about in the landscape of a Roman bas-relief? Christ and the apostles, the patriarchs and prophets, were the embodiment of living principles and of living ideals. Tintoretto felt this so vividly that he could not think of them otherwise than as people of his own kind, living under conditions easily intelligible to himself and to his fellow-men. Indeed, the more intelligible and the more familiar the look and garb and surroundings of biblical and saintly personages, the more would they drive home the principles and ideas they incarnated. So Tintoretto did not hesitate to turn every biblical episode into a picture of what the scene would look like had it taken place under his own eyes, nor to tinge it with his own mood.

No better illustration of this could be found among Italian masters than Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco. The scene is a vast one, and although Christ is on the cross, life does not stop. To most of the people gathered there what takes place is no more than a common execution. Many of them are attending to it as to a tedious duty. Others work away at some menial task more or less connected with the Crucifixion, as unconcerned as cobblers humming over their lasts. Most of the people in the huge canvas are represented, as no doubt they were in life, without much personal feeling about Christ. His own friends are painted with all their grief and despair, but the others are allowed to feel as they please. The painter does not try to give them the proper emotions. If one of the great novelists of to-day, if Tolstoi, for instance, were to describe the Crucifixion, his account would read as if it were a description of Tintoretto's picture. But Tintoretto's fairness went even further than letting all the spectators feel as they pleased about what he himself believed to be the greatest event

that ever took place. Among this multitude he allowed the light of heaven to shine upon the wicked as well as upon the good and the air to refresh them all equally. In other words, this enormous canvas is a great sea of air and light at the bottom of which the scene takes place.

The Works of Tintoretto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ABDUCTION OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK' PLATE I

THIS picture, now in the Library of St. Mark, Venice, was painted by Tintoretto for the Scuola, or Brotherhood, of San Marco. In relating its story Ridolfi says: "Two Venetian merchants have obtained the body of St. Mark from the Greek priests of Alexandria, and are about to carry it away to their ships, when the citizens, aroused by the commotion, attempt to prevent the abduction. Then the soul of the saint, assuming the form of a tempest, comes to the aid of his captors. The sky grows dark, lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and rain falls in torrents. The people of Alexandria, panic-stricken, fly for shelter to the neighboring buildings, and thus the pious merchants are enabled to carry off their precious burden in safety."

"The effect which Tintoretto must always have produced upon his contemporaries, and which most of his works still produce," writes Berenson, "is one of astounding reality, as well as of wide sweep and power. In his picture of the 'Abduction of the Body of St. Mark' from Alexandria, the figures, though colossal, are so energetic and so easy in movement, and the effects of perspective, light, and atmosphere are so on a level with the gigantic figures, that the eye at once adapts itself to the scale, and you feel as if you too partook of the strength of heroes."

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE II

AS an instance of Tintoretto's forceful and realistic interpretation of any sacred subject Taine cites this picture of 'The Annunciation' in the Scuola di San Rocco in Venice, and says: "St. Joseph was a carpenter; therefore, instantly, in order to depict the Annunciation, Tintoretto represents the actual house of a carpenter. On the outside is a shed arranged for work in the open air and showing all the disorder of a workshop. Bits of wood and carpentry are strewn about, piled up, or leaning against the walls. Saws, planes, and cords are littered about. Without a workman is busy. Within is a large bed with red curtains, a bottomless chair, a child's willow cradle, and the carpenter's young wife in a red petticoat,—an amazed and frightened peasant girl. A Fleming could not have more accurately depicted the confusion and every-day aspect of common life. But with Tintoretto passion always accompanies his intense and circumstantial visions. Here Gabriel and a flock of tumultuous whirling angels dart with the fury of an attack

athwart door and window, and swoop all together upon the Virgin; the unfinished domicile seems to be shattered by the shock, while the pigeons betake themselves in full flight to their own tenement. You may judge by this frenzied and disproportionate activity of the irresistible irruption with which tumultuous ideas were unloosed in Tintoretto's mind. No painter has so loved, felt, and rendered action."

'THE CRUCIFIXION' [DETAIL] PLATE III

TINTORETTO completed his great picture of 'The Crucifixion' (of which the central part is here reproduced) in 1565. It is the finest of the many works executed by him for the Brotherhood of San Rocco, whose Scuola is now a veritable monument to the genius of Tintoretto, who worked there for eighteen years.

The composition of 'The Crucifixion' is somewhat scattered, the general color sombre, but the various episodes give life and movement to the scene, and many of the figures are impressive and full of the power peculiar to Tintoretto. Christ on the cross occupies the centre of the canvas, and around him are executioners, spectators, soldiers, horsemen and women—in all, some eighty figures. The group at the foot of the cross which is shown in our illustration is an especially dramatic detail.

"Surely no single picture in the world contains more of human life," writes Mr. Henry James; "there is everything in it, including the most exquisite beauty. It is one of the greatest things of art; it is always interesting. There are pictures by Tintoretto which contain touches more exquisite, revelations of beauty more radiant, but there is no other vision of so intense a reality, and an execution so splendid."

"I must leave this picture to work its will upon the spectator," writes Ruskin. "It is beyond all analysis and above all praise."

'PORTRAIT OF SANSOVINO' PLATE IV

TINTORETTO'S portrait of Jacopo Tatti, called "Sansovino" after the master under whom he studied, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Painted, as Burckhardt has said, *con amore*, it represents the celebrated sculptor and architect at an advanced age. He wears a black cloak lined with fur and holds a pair of compasses in his hand.

A Florentine by birth, Sansovino's name is associated with Venice, where the latter half of his life was spent, and where he won fame and distinction by the many fine buildings which he designed in that city.

'MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE' PLATE V

TINTORETTO'S picture of the 'Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne' is one of four mythological subjects painted by him for the Anticollegio, or waiting-room, of the Ducal Palace, Venice, where it still remains. It is executed in what was known as his "silver manner;" and represents Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, seated upon a rock in the Island of Naxos,

where she has been abandoned by Theseus, who had abducted her. Here she was seen and loved by the god Bacchus, who approaches from the sea and offers her a marriage ring, while Venus, in the blue air above, places a crown of stars upon her head.

"If not the greatest, this is at any rate the most beautiful oil-picture in existence," writes Symonds. "In no other has a poem of feeling and of fancy, a romance of varied lights and shades, a symphony of delicately-blended hues, a play of attitude and movement transitory but in no sense forced or violent, been more successfully expressed by means more simple or with effect more satisfying. Something of the mytho-poetic faculty must have survived in Tintoretto and enabled him to inspire the Greek tale with this intense vitality of beauty."

'THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK' PLATE VI

THIS picture, painted for the Scuola di San Marco, or Fraternity of St. Mark, and now in the Venice Academy, is generally considered to be Tintoretto's masterpiece. According to the legend which it represents, a certain Christian slave in the service of a pagan nobleman disobeyed his master by persisting to worship at the shrine of St. Mark, and was therefore condemned to torture. This was about to be inflicted upon him in the public square, when the saint himself came down from heaven to his aid. The bonds of the slave were burst asunder, the instruments of torture broken, and the judge and executioners dumfounded and amazed.

Although the shadows in Tintoretto's picture have become somewhat blackened by time, the canvas is still rich and harmonious in color. The draperies of the figures are of saffron, blue, gold, and deep crimson; the sky, greenish in tone, grades into a golden light towards the horizon, while the middle of the canvas glows "as if a topaz had burst there."

"The brilliant yet deep color, power of chiaroscuro, force of conception, portrait-like character in the heads, and a solidity rare with Tintoretto," write Vasari's recent editors, "make this one of the finest pictures in Italy." Gautier says of it that it is one of the most audacious works ever painted even by Tintoretto—"a veritable *tour de force;*" and Viardot calls it "The Miracle of Tintoretto." Ruskin, on the other hand, considers it "fine, but much over-rated;" while Taine, whose eloquent description of the picture is given on page 26 of this number, feels that it is "unsurpassed."

'MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES' PLATE VII

THIS picture, painted in Tintoretto's "golden manner," is in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, Venice. In composition it is fine and in color glowing—"seeming," says one critic, "in certain lights and at certain hours fairly incandescent." The subject represents St. Agnes, a Christian maiden of great beauty, who, having refused to marry Licinius, a son of the Roman prefect, was subjected to many indignities, and finally condemned to be burned. The flames, however, did not harm her, but consumed her executioners instead. She was then put to death by the sword.

In Tintoretto's picture St. Agnes, clad in white and with her emblem, the lamb, beside her, is kneeling to await her death, while a crowd of spectators—nobles in armor and richly clad priestly and civic dignitaries—throng around her. Above are angels bearing a crown of glory for the virgin martyr.

'PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE VIII

"ON the doors which inclose the organ of the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, Tintoretto painted Our Lady ascending the steps of the Temple. This work, which is in oil, is the most carefully executed, most delicately finished, and most cheerful looking picture to be found in all the church." So writes Vasari; and although time has dimmed its color so that it is no longer "cheerful" and it has been materially injured by re-painting, the picture, which now hangs in one of the chapels of the same church, is still full of beauty.

At the top of a flight of steps leading to the Temple the high priest stands waiting to receive the little Virgin as she advances alone towards him, her slight girlish figure in its gray dress contrasting with the blue sky beyond. Groups of women and children, old men and idlers, ranged along the steps watch the scene. The Venetian staircase in the picture has been criticized as being too important for the actors, but the effect of the figures in shadow is so fine, the beauty of the women seated upon or ascending the steps so striking, and the figure of the little Virgin so full of grace and simplicity that, whatever its defects, the picture will always remain one of Tintoretto's most charming works.

'THE MARRIAGE AT CANA' PLATE IX

TINTORETTO painted this great picture for the dining-hall of the Brotherhood of the Crociferi, and its wonderful perspective was made a continuation of that room so that the monks might seem to have Christ seated at the table with them. It now hangs in the sacristy of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice. The canvas measures about twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet high, and is one of the few that the artist signed.

"Evidently this work was a favorite with Tintoretto," writes Ruskin, "and he has taken as much pains as it was ever necessary for his colossal strength to take with anything. . . . The table is set in a spacious chamber, of which the windows at the end let in the light from the horizon, and those in the side wall the intense blue of an Eastern sky. The spectator looks all along the table, at the farther end of which are seated Christ and the Madonna, with the marriage guests on each side. The men are set with their backs to the light, which, passing over their heads and glancing slightly on the tablecloth, falls in full length along the line of young Venetian women, who thus fill the whole centre of the picture with one broad sunbeam, made up of fair faces and golden hair. . . . Taken as a whole, the picture is perhaps the most perfect example which human art has produced

of the utmost possible force and sharpness of shadow united with richness of local color."

'PORTRAIT OF DOGE MARCANTONIO TREVISANO' PLATE X

THIS portrait, in the Städel Institute, Frankfort, of Marcantonio Trevisano, who was Doge of Venice during the year 1553, is very beautiful in color. The doge is seated, his official cap upon his head, an ermine cloak about his shoulders, and his figure thrown into strong relief by a background of deep, rich red.

"Tintoretto painted portraits not only with much the air of good breeding of Titian's likenesses," writes Berenson, "but with even greater splendor, and with an astonishing rapidity of execution. Although they are not so individualized as Lotto's, nor such close studies of character as Titian's, his portraits always render the man at his best, in glowing health, full of life and determination, and make us look back with amazement to a State where the human plant was in such vigor as to produce old men of the kind represented in most of his portraits."

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS OF TINTORETTO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

THE number of works executed by Tintoretto is so enormous that it would be impossible to give any adequate catalogue of them in the present space. The following list enumerates, therefore, only a few of the more celebrated paintings which are in public collections and churches.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Several Portraits — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: St. George and the Dragon — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Susanna; Portrait of a Man; Portrait of Tintoretto — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Two Portraits — CASSEL GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: The Rescue; Two Gentlemen — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Doge Marcantonio Trevisano (Plate X) — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Several Portraits — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Sansovino (Plate IV); Portrait of Tintoretto (Page 20); Other Portraits — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Helen and Other Saints; Finding the Body of St. Mark — ROME, COLONNA GALLERY: Portraits — ROME, DORIA GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — VENICE, ACADEMY: Miracle of St. Mark (Plate VI); Adam and Eve; Death of Abel; Madonna in Glory; Crucifixion; Descent from the Cross; Portraits — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: Paradise; Descent from the Cross; Venice, Queen of the Sea; Bacchus and Ariadne (Plate V); Minerva and Mars; Mercury and Graces; Vulcan's Forge; Doge Gritti before the Virgin; Portraits — VENICE, LIBRARY OF ST. MARK: Abduction of the Body of St. Mark (Plate I); St. Mark Rescuing a Sailor — VENICE, SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, LOWER FLOOR: All the Paintings on Walls; STAIRCASE: Visitation; UPPER FLOOR, HALL: All the Paintings on Walls and Ceiling; UPPER FLOOR, INNER ROOM: Crucifixion (Plate III); Christ before Pilate; Ecce Homo; Way to Golgotha; Ceiling — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN CASSIANO: Crucifixion — VENICE, CHURCH OF THE GESUITI: Assumption; Circumcision — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE: Last Supper; Gathering Manna; Entombment — VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO: Last Judgment; Worship of Golden Calf; Martyrdom of St. Agnes (Plate VII); Presentation of the Virgin (Plate VIII) — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN MARZIALE: Glory of St. Marcilian — VENICE, CHURCH OF MATER DOMINI: Finding of the Cross — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO: Last Supper; Assumption — VENICE, CHURCH OF IL

REDENTORE: Scourging of Christ; Ascension — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN ROCCO: Pool of Bethesda; Scenes from Life of St. Roch — VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE: Marriage at Cana (Plate IX) — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; Esther before Ahasuerus; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; Judith and Holofernes; Susanna; Finding of Moses; Battle Scene; Portraits.

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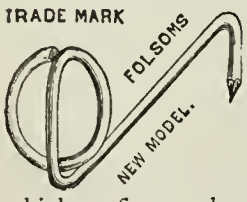

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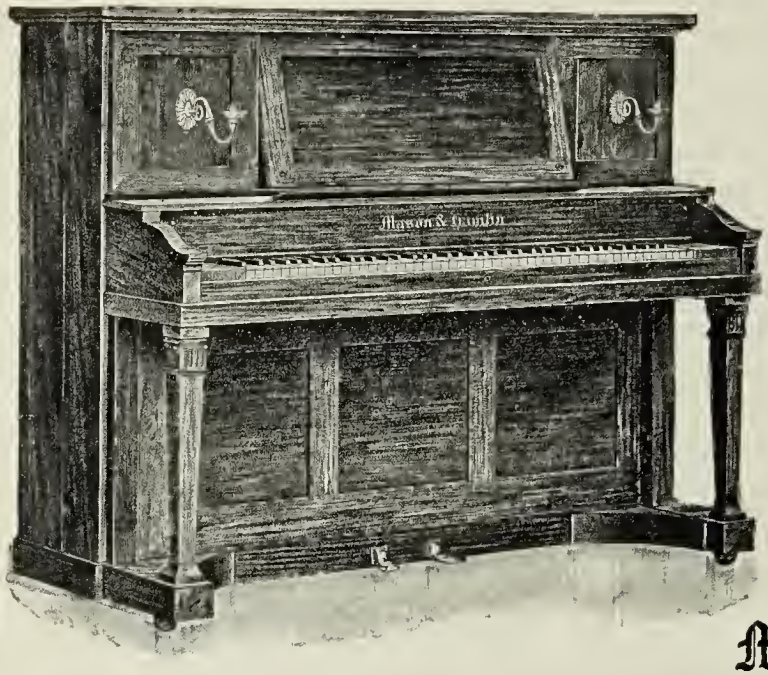

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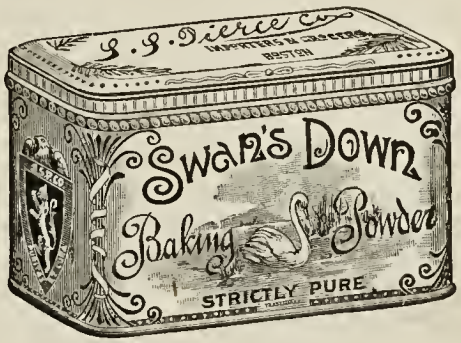

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